

To relieve the seriousness of Joyce, Faulkner, and Kafka for her Honors Project, senior Midge Greenlee finds that "March and Yesterday" are here before today.

March and Yesterday

BY MIDGE GREENLEE

In March, the snow;
and restlessness—
Black gaunt trees
swaying without grace;
Wind crying news
of persons and places.
Snow swells streams
and still the wind cries
down long yellow fields
and wet brown hills
and the long roads—
How are they, the old friends;
what do they say,
what do, what think—
Today without Yesterday or
Tomorrow is gone;
Now, one past; and Tomorrow—
Tomorrow has always come.

In March
the wind came
crying down the long roads
a whisper of a song
a whisper of a laugh
bright threads of a broken pattern
caught in the wind—
Yesterday
cries down the long road
to Tomorrow.
In March
we listen to the wind.